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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL

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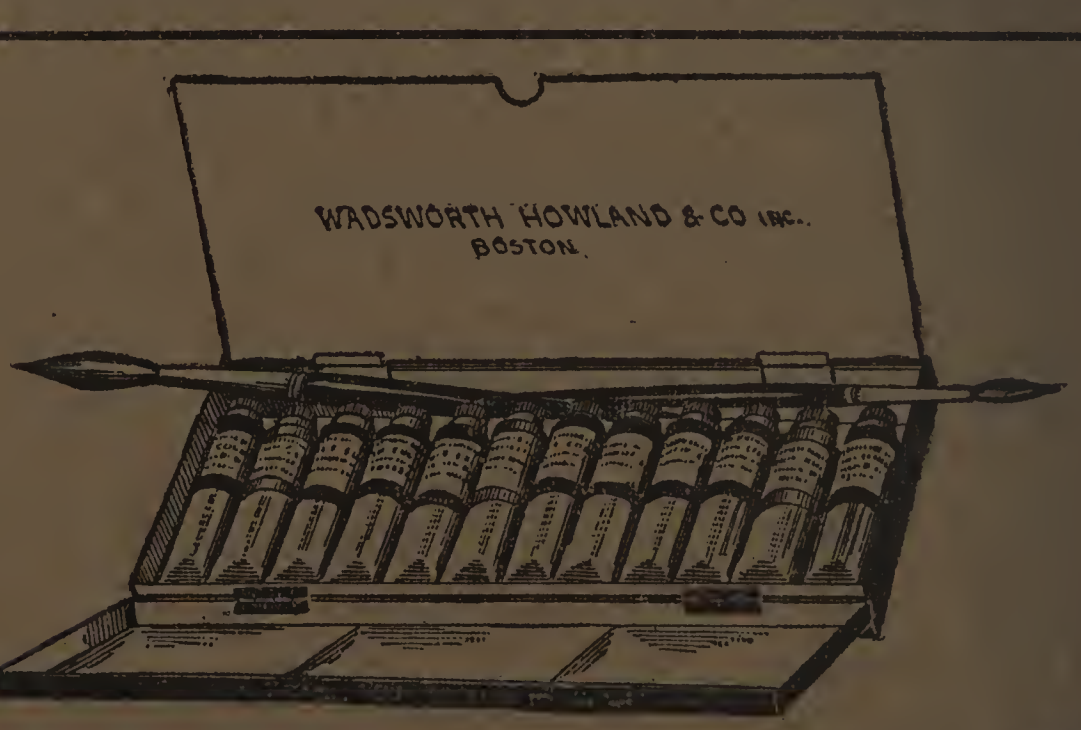

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"It is not only the famous people and the well dressed people who are worth meeting, but everyone who has something to communicate."

The Love Garden

By Florence Margaret Alexander, '10

With shaking, nerveless fingers Deborah Gray clutched the long, yellow envelope, while the pages of Elise's letter fluttered to the floor. For the moment, everything important in her life had suspended its action. She noticed with vivid distinctness the unfamiliar handwriting sprawling across the face of the envelope, and the printed address of the city hospital in the upper left-hand corner, and, dazed, reached down to pick up the scattered pages.

"They told me this morning," the girl had written, "that I was dying. It seemed horrible at first, like the slashing of a bright, not quite finished picture, a picture with only a few, almost hidden shadows in it. The doctor was very white and horribly uncomfortable as he told me, for even in this great hospital they have not lost all their humanness in science. They say I may die within a month or within a day, but as yet everything seems unreal and impossible. It is strange how one's thoughts waver when death approaches. Sometimes my mind turns toward death in sleep and oblivion, while the next moment comes the other view, your view, and the view of a right mind.

"I'm not going to ask you to build me a monument. I don't want a monument to keep people from forgetting me. Moreover, it would do neither me nor the world any good, except, perhaps, to Jacobson, the stone-cutter. I'm going to ask you to plant me a garden of flowers. You know, even as a child, they say I loved the flower-people.

"They send flowers here almost every day. They come from various sources—from churches, from actresses, from the night-before ball-rooms and dinner tables, but occasionally a little real generosity comes. Sunday they sent white flowers,—cool, slender lilies. 'Give them to her,' I heard a nurse whisper. 'She looks like an angel.' To think that I look like an angel! To think that I—Elise Gray, who was once the tomboy—who climbed fences, trees, walls, anything that was climbable,—I—this white thing—unwalking—dying.

"I have never forgotten how you opened your home to me every summer after father died. It must have been hard for you to ask me, when you and father, though brother and sister, had been separated almost all your lives. But, then, neither of you could help your temperament and views. I have always been much like father, a dreamer and a lover of flowers.

"So I hope you will plant the garden. Maybe—who knows?—I may see it. Plant all kinds of flowers. Why, even some weeds are beautiful.

"Nurse Brown is coming toward me, smiling threateningly, for this letter has been long, but I'll end it to-morrow. Good-by—till to-morrow."

To-morrow came, perplexing, perpetual to-morrow, and left the woman deep in her agony of sorrow and loneliness.

She did not miss the girl so much during the long winter after her death, but the coming of spring, the bright, fresh spring, like the brightness of the girl, she dreaded. When she and the girl had first met, the girl's originality and even her sweet girlishness had seemed foreign and unlovable to the older, undemonstrative woman, but gradually she began to love her as she had never loved in her narrow life. Her brother Seth, the dreamer of successful dreams, the man of failures, she had never understood, but had lavished her love upon his child.

Spring arrived. Deborah Gray had always disliked flowers—probably because her brother had loved them. Elise had inherited his passionate love, for every summer, when the girl was there, flowers had found their way to the old house.

So she went to work in sorrow and in love. April rains had passed. The ground was moist, and bright streaks of grass had sprung up. A cool wind was blowing, and the sprouting bushes swayed in the breeze. Passers-by stared at the old woman bending towards the ground.

"Planting vegetables?" called a young fellow as he swung by, his boyish face colored by the crisp wind.

"No," she answered shortly. It was too much for her to confess that she was doing a thing that since she was a child she had opposed with peculiar sternness.

April passed. Slender young green things appeared. Surreptitiously at first, at early morning and at twilight, she weeded them. May was going. There was now no need for concealment. Passers-by gazed bewildered at the aspects of the garden; at the tender leaves, tall, swaying stalks, and trailing vines that covered the earth. No conservatory of flowers had more care. Glistening leaves rested next to glistening leaves; no harsh weed marred their beauty. From the choicest leaves and tenderest stalks trembling hands washed off the dust stirred up by passing rains.

"Running is often of little use, the thing is to start on time."

In the night the first flower came, a yellow pansy with a timid face like a child's. It seemed to Deborah Gray the next morning that if any one should happen to pick the flower, she would be tempted to murder. It would seem like killing a child of hers. Gradually more child-faces appeared scattered over the garden, for, ignorant of flower planting and flower seeds, she had taken from the storeroom a packet of seedlings gathered from an old garden of Seth's, a heterogeneous collection, confused, unlabeled, and musty, and in the garden, unknowing what the seeds would bring forth, she had planted larkspur next to verbenas, then bachelor's buttons, then seeds of a flaming clump of poppies, then hollyhocks, and next lay probably a few scattered seeds of pansy or of larkspur.

The flowers bloomed. More brilliant or more gorgeous patchwork quilt never covered a bed. Their riot of color, their utter lack of convention gave the garden an unusual beauty. She had almost begun to hoard them as a miser his treasures. She had even counted each tufted hollyhock stalk, each cluster of bachelor's buttons, and a threatening barbed wire ran along the top of the fence, when the unexpected happened.

She was weeding at noon, when she heard somebody stop at her gate, and felt that some one was looking intently at her. She raised her head, and saw a small, barefooted boy with a fat, freckled face. He wore a much-washed pair of diminutive overalls, which probably had once been blue, and a red cap with an enormous visor seemed glued to his light head.

"I'd like to have some flowers ever so much," he smiled politely, and his blue eyes looked at her sweetly. "I would be entirely pleased if you would give me some." His unconscious fearlessness and his good-natured face pleased the old woman. She laughed a rather short laugh.

"And why, boy, should I?" she asked. "These are my flowers, and one can do what one pleases with one's own."

The child scowled in meditation, then his face cleared. "Why, yes, of course you would give if you had something that other people didn't have." He looked incredulously at the woman. "Why, my father says people are stealing if they don't give things to people when they have a lot of things and don't need them all."

His rather confused logic brought a pang of recollection, a glimpse of Elise's face, as she said one time: "What's the use of having a lot

"It's the doing of the thing that is important; doing is bad enough, but not doing is worse."

of money, beauty, talent, or genius if you can't make the world better by them?" And the flowers were Elise's.

She thought a moment before she spoke. "Should you like very much, boy, to have a great bunch of flowers to take home with you?"

The boy laughed. "Why, I just guess I'd like to have them, and I'll give you something in 'change for them. I'll give you——" He stopped and mentally ran down the short list of his treasures. "Why, I'll give you some marbles. You haven't any marbles, have you?" he asked anxiously.

Then the joy of giving came to her. "No, boy, hardly a piece of marble now."

"Nonsense," said the child, misunderstanding. "Of course you can't have a piece of marble. You can't play with a piece chipped from a marble," and he laughed.

It was a big bunch of flowers and a smile, a strange, long unused smile from a woman's lips, that went home with him.

He came by the next day. "Hullo," he said neighborly, and climbed upon her gate. "Those flowers were perfickly beautiful. Do you know, they wouldn't believe at home that you gave them to me? Mother's getting better now, you know," he announced confidently, as if she were acquainted with the ins and outs of his family history; and on he chattered in his sweet, childish voice, of his school, of his contempt for little 'fraid girls. Although unknown to him, there was some pity in his voice; then about his father and mother, and even of the tiny room in the attic where he slept, where pretty soon he was going to have (it was to be a secret, remember)—a—circus—if,—his voice fell anxiously,—if his mother would allow it. His real name was Robert; the boys at school called him Bobbie and Fat, but he liked to hear her call him Boy.

The summer afternoon passed quickly, and the bright sunlight had mellowed into a golden glow when the child clambered down from his perch on the green gate-post. "Wait," said the old woman. She cut some larkspur carefully, and gathered some cool, green vine, and, unconscious that she had the art of arranging the beautiful in flowers to the best effect, handed the bunch to the child. "For your mother," she said.

The boy ran away with delighted approval, and she could see him racing down the road enveloped in small clouds of dust, with the blue

flowers perilously but preciously held above his head, and watching, she thought of the others who needed the love-flowers as much as she had needed love.

Strangely, as she walked up the narrow path, she felt less lonely and almost as happy as though Elise were waiting for her at the door, waiting with her bright laugh, like the happy, mellow notes of a joyous, world-loving bird.

Then the strange, old, lonely heart poured forth. As long as she lived, in winter or summer, no sick room was flowerless through fault of hers; glorious roses raised and saved a despondent soul, and roses strew the path of every bride. A child never passed her gate unless it went away with a tightly-clutched handful of blossoms; tiny graves and larger ones were covered with her flowers; no florist could buy them. But the village, and later a part of the larger world, for her fame and that of her flowers had spread, never knew why she took such care of her Easter lilies, why no hand but hers could touch them, or why she guarded them as a mother guards her youngest and dearest child.

Junior Prom

The interior of Howe Hall has rarely had such a pretty setting and enjoyable party as was given by the class of 1909 on Thursday evening, February 20. The affair was one long looked forward to by the Junior class and the student body at large. During the early part of the evening the following patron and patronesses assisted in the receiving of the one hundred and fifty classmates and friends: Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Andrew. One of the enjoyable features of the evening was the leap year dance, in which the ladies selected their partners by pinning a red heart upon the gentleman. The event was a great success, socially and financially. The committee in charge were the following: Miss Josephine Nute, Miss Louise Beale, Miss Marion Pooke, Chester A. Park, Herbert W. Packard, and Harry W. Jacobs.

ART NOTES

S. Annette Washburn

Does every one understand that his term receipt will admit him to the "Exhibition of the Work of the Men of 1830"? Also, does every one know that he may see the exhibition every day while it is there, and stay as long as he likes?

There is a rare loan exhibition of bronzes over at the Museum of Fine Arts.

"The collection is well installed in the large gallery of textiles, and contains about one hundred and fifty pieces, none of which is larger than a colossal bust. It will continue for at least a month. The loans come from private collections in this city, as well as from other American cities, and from Paris and London.

"The most extensive showing of any artist's work is that of Bayre, the French sculptor of animal life, who is represented by about thirty of his works, including his 'Jaguar Devouring a Hare,' 'Tiger and Crocodile,' 'Lion and Horse,' 'Tiger and Bull,' 'Elephant and Tiger,' 'Tiger and Antelope,' 'Lion and Snake,' and a score of single figures. This group of his beautifully varied bronzes is well calculated to give a resumé of his power and fertility in the field that he made so completely his own.

"There are several very remarkable, rare portrait busts from the Macomber collection that are none the less marvels of art because they are anonymous. A French Renaissance head of a young woman, wearing a very high, elaborate, and heavy headdress trimmed with pearls, is one of the high, artistic sensations of the exhibition.

"There is an important and impressive exhibit of the works of Rodin, which comprises one of the figures for the 'Bourgeois de Calais,' one of the figures from the 'Porte d'Enfer,' 'The Brother and Sister,' 'The Head of Balzac,' 'The Death of Alcestes,' 'Vulcan Creating Pandora,' 'The Modern Sphinx,' 'The Age of d'Aeran,' 'Springtime,' and 'The Head of Bellona.' Several of these bronzes have never been seen before in a public exhibition in America."

"The great art of superiority is to get hold of people on their best side."

A wonderfully interesting article about Augustus Saint-Gaudens appears in the Atlantic Monthly. It is an address which was delivered before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences in February, 1908, by Kenyon Cox. Mr. Cox has also an article in Scribner's on "The Art of Millet," which is illustrated by reproductions, which we should own, of Millet's paintings, "The Goose Girl," "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "The Shepherdess," "The Potato Planters," "The Grafter," "Spring," "The First Steps," "Bringing Home the New-Born Calf," and "The Spaders."

[Continued on page 113.]

A Word of Advice

Henry Turner Bailey

The best possible equipment for the supervisor and teacher of drawing in the public schools is a memory stored with images of leaves, flowers, insects, birds, animals, everything, and a hand skilled in transferring these images to the blackboard. The first ten minutes every morning might well be spent by the Normal Art students in making a rapid sketch of some form observed attentively the previous day. One must be able to speak the language of form fluently if he is to inspire children, and fluency is acquired only through persistent practice. Elaborate drawings are not required, but simple outline drawings, which set down unmistakably the distinguishing characteristics, the identifying marks of all common objects.

The next essential is the habit of doing everything well: in other words, of applying the principles of beauty in everything the hands turn out every day. Every sheet should be well balanced, every notebook page beautiful in its arrangement and artistic in its handling, every letter and outline for teachers should be a model of spacing, and every piece of handicraft admirable in technique.

The day has passed when drawing in the public schools can be taught as a thing apart from the life of the school, and when a knowledge of theory and a belief in art for art's sake is acceptable to sane educational people. The days of bluff and strut and high art gush have gone never to return. The successful teacher in these days can deliver the goods upon demand every day. School officials now say: "Practice what you preach or quit preaching."

ALUMNI NOTES

Jean Kimber, Pittsburg Academy

"He is but a weak man who cannot twist and weave the threads of his feeling, however firm, however strained, or however strong, into the great cable of Purpose by which he lies moored to a life of action."

The report of the "Proceedings of the Joint Meeting Held in Cleveland, Ohio, May 8 to 11, 1907," is at hand. It is a pleasure to note that many of the most timely papers are by Normal Art men and women. Those who heard the speakers will be glad to have this permanent record, while those who could not attend the meeting may catch some of its inspiration by reading the report. Copies may be had, at fifty cents each, from William S. Bowden, chairman of the editorial board, State Normal University, Normal, Ill.

The editor thanks all those who responded so heartily to her appeal for news. It is notable that those who sent contributions are among the very busiest people, who might well be forgiven for saying, "I have no time to bother with the CENTRE OF VISION." It is just because these people find time for the little things that they are so successful with the big ones.

The recent Craftsman competition for an essay on "The Arts and Crafts Movement in America" has been re-opened because no essays of a sufficiently practical nature were received. What is wanted is a brief sketch of the movement, its origin, the cause of its popularity, and its significance in the life and industry of our people. Many of our readers should be able to write intelligently on this subject.

If you cannot go to London, by all means go to New York in April. We hope to have a full account of the meeting for the April number.

'86. William Woodward, of Tulane University, is one of the most prominent art leaders in the South. Aside from his duties as professor of drawing and painting at the university, where his efforts have resulted in the establishment of an architectural department, he is an active member of many art organizations. He is in charge of the exhibit of American Colleges to be shown at the London Congress, and author of the

chapter on "Art Education in American Colleges" in the Conspectus now being published.

'00. Cooper Union, of New York City, is fortunate in having Miss Sarah Hobson as teacher of design.

'04. Miss Anna S. Olson, who was so successful as supervisor of drawing in Brookfield, has been teaching since last November in the Franklin School, Boston. Her place in Brookfield has been filled by Mrs. Weeks, who was Miss Alice Macomber ('90).

Miss Janet Pride is teaching for the second year in Vancouver.

'05. Miss Lucy Taylor, one of the brightest and most enthusiastic graduates of M. N. A. S., was appointed in January as assistant director of drawing in Boston. Mr. Sargent now has four assistants, three of whom are Normal Art women.

Miss Lucile Gravestein is supervising in Barre, Hardwick, and Petersham, where Miss Taylor taught until her appointment.

James Cohen, who taught in New York for two years, received the appointment to the supervisorship in Chicopee, Mass., when Winthrop Andrews resigned to go to New Britain, Conn.

Several of this class have gone into commercial design. Miss Elsie Smith is with the California Gem Shop, Boston, while Miss Bertha Taft and Miss Ruth Gray are devoting their time to costume designing in New York City.

'06. Members of the class have recently received a list of questions from Frank Gracey, who promises to publish the answers in an interesting form. We shall owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Gracey if his project succeeds, and it is to be hoped that each one of the class will do his share.

Art News

[Continued from page 111.]

"The Field of Art" in the same magazine is very interesting this month.

Mr. DeCamp's picture, "The Guitar Player," is on exhibition for a short period at the new picture gallery at the store of Bigelow, Kennard, & Co., corner of Washington and West streets.

EDITORIALS

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Much attention should be paid to the numerous fire exits from the school, and during the past week all doors have been made to open out, and every door in the building is unlocked, making an exit from the school, in case of fire, available from every floor.

Now that the first sign of spring is upon us, we hear the cry among the students of baseball. Surely the team has the financial backing of the school, as already $60 has been realized by collectors from the students, but now let us go ahead carefully. We have had athletic associations before, and plenty of material, but not the hearty co-operation of each fellow toward making the team a success financially and in gentlemanly conduct. Let us make this year a good beginning.

I wish to correct a mistake in regard to the debt of the CENTRE OF VISION mentioned in the February issue. None of this debt was contracted by the class of 1906, which was represented by Royal Bailey Farnum as editor.

Now that we have started a column pertaining to clubs and fraternities of the school, we hope to get each month a report of each organization's proceedings. Just drop it in the box and we will get it.

The staff would like to receive ideas for the coming June number. Already cuts and material of the school have been received, but your idea would be welcomed.

The editorial staff is very grateful for all the contributions that have been given us, but more is expected. If at your first attempt we are unable to use your manuscript, try again. Of course, pictures and original drawings by students add to our paper, and we expect you to contribute drawings and illustrations to some of your articles.

E. B. Ayer

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Radius, Imp, Cardinal, Exponent, Drury Academe, Picket, Legenda, Calandar, Garnet and Blue, Enterprise, Cambridge Review, Clarion, High School Times, Clionian, Andrew Journal, Penn Charter Magazine, and Mansfield Collegian.

In the Cambridge Review we find a column headed "Grins." Nearly everything it contains, however, is labeled "Ex." Why not call it an exchange column, and occasionally write a criticism for it?

We are pleased to have the Calandar once more among our exchanges. Although we do not favor the use of continued stories in school papers, the installment of "The Thirteenth of January" in the last number is quite interesting. The other story, "Two to One," is graphically told, and could not fail to amuse. We feel that the Calandar should be congratulated on its corps of good story-writers, for they have succeeded in making the literary department of the paper very entertaining.

The stories in the Imp do not come up to the standard of the book, although the other departments are all well handled. More exertion in this direction would add greatly to the paper.

The Mansfield Collegian contains an excellent editorial on "The Influence of Literature," that is well worth not only being read, but remembered.

We greet the Andrew Journal as among the best of our exchanges. They certainly practice what they preach, and give in their publication that pleasing variety which we all know is "the spice of life."

The editor wishes to announce that copies of the year's exchanges may be had by applying to the exchange editor for them. Many students wish to see the representative paper of their preparatory school. These copies may be taken, but must be returned to the exchange editor.

Societies

Theta Iota Omicron

During the past year many requests have been made to have a column relating to societies, and mainly through the efforts of the Theta Iota Omicron Society it has been formed, hoping to create such an interest that will lead other societies to be represented. This society was formed in 1907, and during the new year the following members of the class of 1911 were pledged to the fraternity: William A. Courchene, of North Adams; Ronald F. Davis, of Cambridge; Ray C. Smith, of Danielson, Conn.; and Ernest W. Tuttle, of Everett. Several of the members were the guests at an informal dinner given by the Pi Delta Sorority on February 14. A musical, later followed by dancing, made the evening a most enjoyable one.

Pi Delta Sorority

The following members of the class of 1911 have pledged themselves to the Pi Delta Sorority: Eleanor Couch, of Everett; Frances Downs, of Cambridge; Maud Eldred, of Billington; Josephine Halverson, of Saugus; Marion Langlands, of Melrose; Mildred A. Snow, of Boston; Marion Stevens, of Lowell; Maud Willard, of Medford; and Alice Weaver, of Allston. The members were entertained at the home of Marion Stevens Wednesday, March 11. Maud Eldred has left school to study art at Burlington, Vt.; Marion Langlands, formerly vice-president of the class of 1911, has left school, but we have the pleasure of her attendance at all the meetings.

Class Notes

'08

Gertrude Nason — Charles R. Mabie

Miss L. L.: "Sheep! Why, I thought sheep was plural for lamb!"

Dripping.—A student in the Portrait Class in teaching how to cut light and shade designs on the "top of the round." The average attendance is two. (This includes the teacher.)

DOUBTFUL.

De Camp (criticising): "What is this bump on the cheek? Looks like mumps."

Miss E—— (aside): "It was gum."

How does the fire escape? That's easy, the doors open outward.

"It is working within limits that the artist reveals himself."

Mr. Fancy: "I once had a commission to paint a dog."
Mr. Perkins: "How many bones did you get for it?"

CARRIE K CHEWERS.

Mad, merry M——et's large pearl-button store looked out from the centre of the exhibition.

Was it for the "long" or the "short" of it that Miss E——t posed (?) for the picture, "Madonna and Child"?

Fancy the "Squint club"!

In Miss Pink——'s Swedish caricature one enthusiastic "subject" was left out.

Result: Reformed Randell religiously returned, rose madder, raw Sienna, rags, and regained reliable reputation.

'09

Constance Bevan Daniel R. Stewart

There was a young man, very slim,
Whose hair was so terribly thin
That the model, aged fifty,
Inspired by sheer pity,
Bending o'er him, said, "Try kerosin'."

Why is a hen, Prudence?

A Christmas pill taken for heartache advised by the masculine part of Mr. Major's studio.

Why don't you get a real one, Ethel, one that isn't afraid to go out in the rain?

Was it a survival of the fittest, that composition day?

Question: Why don't sheep have long tails?

Answer (from one of Mr. George's bright ones): "Because Bo-Peep cut them off."

Singular, lamb; plural, sheep.

Remember the class collectors will be around again for their term assessment.

How many expect 90 or 100 in Anatomy? Don't all speak at once.

We hope to see many sketches on our return from our April vacation. Let them pile in, it encourages the teacher.

"Victory belongs to him who is constant in faith and courage."

'10

Alice H. Stephens — Edgar Breed

We all miss Miss O'Laughlin, and wish we might be with her on her trip to Jamaica.

"Just think of it, only two more weeks before the anatomy exam!" said one girl. "I don't want to think of it," said the other.

Our anatomy exam comes pretty soon, and all remember the ten-mile walk the day before!

You have all noticed that our doors are being fixed so that they open outwards, so in case of fire there will be an easy exit and escape. But have you also noticed how many "fires" we have had already?

Mr. Thayer has appointed the following students to collect the class dues in their respective studios: Mr. Hibbard will collect in Mr. Major's; Mr. Pomeroy in Miss Blake's; Miss Lewis in Mr. Jepson's; and Mr. Thayer in Mr. Munsell's.

Mr. Hamilton's students may pay Mr. Thayer, or any of the other collectors.

We have a nature fakir here in our own school. Miss Jones recently informed us that she used to have a pet frog once upon a time that was trained to jump through a hoop, walk on its hind legs, talk, eat, sing, and last, but far from least, to dance the "Merry Widow" waltz.

P. S.—The frog died recently from overwork. Miss Jones has him preserved in alcohol, and will exhibit him to students of nature fakery for a small compensation.

Heard in the studio:—

"Is Miss Gleason an invalid?"

"Why, no, why did you think that?"

"Every time I see her she is walking with a Cain." JOKE.

'11

John Davis — Bernice Staples

A is for Andrew,
  Freshmen, take heed,
Outlines of shadows
  Is what you need.

B is for Bartlett;
  It is in here
That we are taught
  To seek atmosphere.

"Be avaricious of time."

C is for Cross,
  Value's his fad,
Get it, dear students,
  You'll surely be glad.

First A, B, C,
  Then, my dear friends,
He who learns best
    The next step ascends.

Mr. Cue, of Mr. Cross's studio, will give lectures at any time during the day on "Love and Sentiment." Private lessons a specialty.

Puzzle: Who is Snowbound?

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On the go,
  With a heart so light;
Always talking,
Always walking,
  From morning until night.

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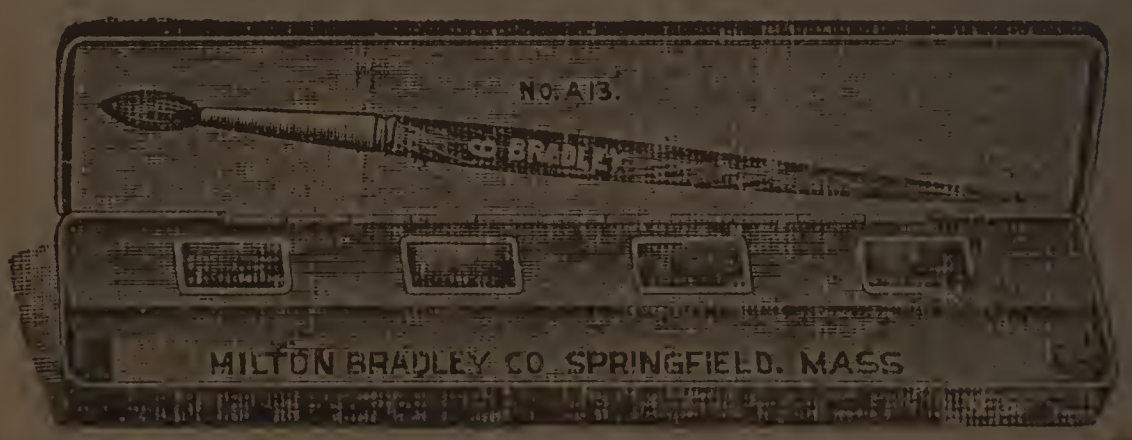

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